UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Catastrophe and Post-War Planning - - - - - - - - *Stanton A. Coblentz*

Who Shall Defend the Strong? - *O. A. Hammand*

What Is This Peace? - - - *Rose Noller*

The Obligation of Religious Democrats to Law - - - - - - - *Edith Hansen*

THE STUDY TABLE

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UNITY

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JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, *Editor* CURTIS W. REESE, *Managing Editor*

Contributors

Jerome Alexander: Research Chemist.

John Nicholls Booth: Minister of All Souls' Church of Evanston, Illinois.

Karl M. Chworowsky: Minister of The Fourth Unitarian Congregational Church in Brooklyn, New York.

Stanton A. Coblentz: Journalist; author of *The Thinker and Other Poems* and *The Literary Revolution.*

O. A. Hammand: Attorney at Law.

Edith Hansen: Member of the Philadelphia Ethical Society.

Donald Harrington: Minister of People's Liberal Church and Beverly Unitarian Fellowship, Chicago, Illinois.

C. A. Hawley: Minister of First Presbyterian Church, Atchison, Kansas.

J. Donald Johnston: Minister of The First Unitarian Church of Flushing, New York.

Rose Noller: Poet; Buffalo, New York.

Contents

EDITORIAL—
- Editorial Comments—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 147
- Jottings—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 150

ARTICLES—
- Catastrophe and Post-War Planning—STANTON A. COBLENTZ ... 150
- Who Shall Defend the Strong?—O. A. HAMMAND 152
- What Is This Peace?—ROSE NOLLER 153
- The Obligation of Religious Democrats to Law—EDITH HANSEN . 155

POETRY—
- Christmas—Then and Now—JEROME ALEXANDER 155
- Bethlehem—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 157

THE STUDY TABLE—
- Fresh Insights—DONALD HARRINGTON 158
- Two Novels About Americans—KARL M. CHWOROWSKY 158
- A Great Book—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 159
- The Other Half—J. DONALD JOHNSTON 160
- A Critical Autobiography— C. A. HAWLEY 160
- Pastoral Care—JOHN NICHOLLS BOOTH 160
- Information for Planners—CURTIS W. REESE 160

THE FIELD—
- Hunger Strike 146

The Field

Hunger Strike

Six conscientious objectors, who went on a hunger strike in the Federal Penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pa., have asserted, despite press reports quoting prison authorities to the contrary, that their fast was not directed against the inspection of mail of Federal prisoners, but only against arbitrary censorship.

Dr. Evan W. Thomas, who was designated by the strikers as their representative, made public the contents of the letter written by the six strikers on October 27 to James V. Bennett, in which they state: "We believe that under the present set-up authorities are justified in opening, inspecting, and reading mail in order to detect dope and plans of violence." According to Dr. Thomas, the strikers did not request drastic reforms in the present practice of censorship which has prevented innocuous letters from reaching men in prison and has made it impossible for prisoners to reveal factual information about injustices in prison. "What is there about the Federal prison system that prevents Mr. Bennett from letting the truth be told?" asked Dr. Thomas.

The second request being made is that prisoners be permitted to have reading material at all times.

Following the request for the recognition of these two principles, the men wrote in their letter to Mr. Bennett as follows: "It would be presumptuous of us to suggest that we know all the answers. We feel certain of the fundamental principles and we have some valuable experience, as inmates, concerning details. But it is clear that you and other administrative officials have other experience that must inevitably modify our suggestions. Therefore we are anxious to listen to reason on details and are ready to stop our fast without 100 percent incorporation of our own ideas, provided of course the modifications do not take the heart out of the two cardinal principles."

The letter to Mr. Bennett was signed by:

David Dellinger, of Newark, N. J., graduate of Yale University and scholarship student at Oxford University.

Paton Price, of New York City, formerly an instructor at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, who was sentenced to four years for leaving the Civilian Public Service Camp for conscientious objectors at West Campton, N. H., in protest against conscription.

William Kuenning, Newark, a graduate of Antioch College, who refused to go to Civilian Public Service camp.

John N. Dixon, New York City, graduate of Wesleyan University, who refused induction into the army after being denied classification as a conscientious objector.

Thomas Woodman, Trenton, N. J., and William Lovett, Fallsington, Pa., both Quaker non-registrants.

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXXIX DECEMBER, 1943 No. 10

Editorial Comments

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

I

I have studied the Moscow agreements, read faithfully the enthusiastic newspaper and radio comments, heeded the vociferations of the President and the Premier and other government officials, and still for the life of me cannot see what all the crowing is about. If anything is obvious it is that this Moscow conference was a complete and perfect victory for Russia as over against Britain and the United States. The representatives of these latter proud nations came obediently to the throne of Stalin, knelt humbly before him, received his orders, and came home again—that is all! It is true that the three great powers agreed to stick together during the war and the making of the peace, but on what terms, and on *whose* terms? There lies the crux of the matter! And one need not go beyond the questions of Finland, Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania, Poland, and Bessarabia, no one of which was even so much as mentioned in the agreements, to recognize what is involved. Of course, there will be no breakup of the United Nations in the face of the enemy, for Britain and America cannot afford to hazard such a breakup. They will stand fast, while Russia goes ahead and settles her affairs with Germany and Europe generally. When are we going to get it into our heads that Russia has won this war, and that as "to the victor belong the spoils" in politics, so to the victor in war belongs the dictation of the terms of peace? Joseph Stalin knows where he stands, and what power he wields. In due course he will announce his plans for a defeated Germany, if he has not already announced them to Hull and Eden, and the United Nations will accept them willy-nilly. Meanwhile, one item of the Moscow story calls for indignant protest. I refer to the shameful way in which China was admitted through the back door for the signing of agreements she had no hand in fashioning. If *this* is the way in which China is going to be treated in this business of making peace after the war, then the worst is indeed to be feared for the future as regards relations between East and West. I felt astonishment at first that China ever consented to the humiliation thus deliberately visited upon her. Then I remembered the situation in North China, where Communist Chinese armies, with the backing of Russia, hold the field against the Nationalist government of Chungking, and everything suddenly became plain.

II

The easy, nonchalant way in which it is assumed, in our discussion of post-war conditions, that everything will be under our control after we have won the war, and we can establish any plan of peace that seems satisfactory to us, is certainly amazing. Our peacemakers seem to believe that all we have to do is to agree upon a frame, and conquered Europe will fit right into it without any trouble. But is this so? Hiram Motherwell has said more than once that there won't be any governments in Europe for us to deal with when the fighting is done—that the continent will be just a chaos of material destruction and human misery, with famine and disease everywhere, and that to maintain order and keep people alive will be our chief business. If some governments do survive, they will be of the type of those encountered in North Africa and Italy, Darlan and the Savoy regime, headed by Badoglio—and what chance is there of such governments accepting such blueprint programs of peace as our post-war geniuses are now busily playing with? Men of the Darlan and Badoglio variety have a way of laying down their own terms as a condition of cooperation, which leaves us holding the bag and little else. But more important than all this is Soviet Russia, which it is fatuously taken for granted will go right along with us in our pretty schemes for "a brave, new world." As a matter of fact, there has appeared as yet not the slightest indication that Russia has any interest in our peace plans and purposes. She talks in strictly nationalistic terms; lays down drastic conditions for her own military security, such as the absorption of the Baltic States and predominant influence in the Balkans; and promises a strong Germany, Communistic, of course, with armies and industries intact. How does this fit in with our fine idealistic schemes for an internationally organized world, with Germany down and out? What Russia thinks and proposes is of central importance in this whole matter. For little by little we are beginning to

realize that Russia has won this war, and by the same token is going to win the peace. In other words, it is Russia that is going to be the decisive factor in fashioning post-war Europe. She will show the way, and we will follow. And yet our peace playboys go right ahead as though Russia did not exist at all! Pacifists, of course, have warned of this from the beginning—that an ideal peace can never come out of a war, since a war unleashes forces of violence and self-interest which themselves dictate peace on their own terms. And such a peace—of might not of right, of victory and not of negotiation—can last only long enough for preparation for the next war. Shall we never learn that all this talk about a secure and peaceful world coming out of a devastating war is only so much poppycock?

III

A London dispatch in the *New York Times* tells about the great alarm in England over social conditions in that country. Venereal disease, illegitimacy, bigamy, and juvenile delinquency are running rife in the wake of the general breakup of the family and the home. In 1942, according to the Ministry of Health, 9,046 new cases of syphilis were recorded for the first time, all outside the army. Adding in the army cases, the total represents an increase of 29 per cent over 1941, and 1941 represented an increase of 40 per cent over 1940. The increase in syphilitic infection since the beginning of the war amounts to 120 per cent. The number of new cases of gonorrhea in the same period is about eight to one over syphilis, or more than 27,000 cases a year. The U. S. Army in England states that 2,060 American soldiers and airmen were treated in army clinics for venereal disease in the first five months of this year, and "the doctors concede many more may be infected than their records show." Illegitimate births have jumped from 42 per thousand in 1939 to 54 per thousand in 1942. Juvenile delinquency cases have mounted to tens of thousands, the total in 1942 being 25 per cent above that of 1939. The Bishop of Derby refers to "latchkey children" who roam the streets day and night while their parents are absent from home in the armed forces or factories. The *Times* dispatch speaks of the great concern of the leaders of the country over these deplorable conditions—and "concern" strikes me as a decidedly moderate word! But what do we expect when we go to war? People may well be alarmed, but certainly not surprised at what these facts reveal. War is essentially destructive—destructive of everything both material and moral that makes up the structure of society. The destruction wrought by war begins at the battlefront in the wholesale wiping out of property and life, and then sweeps back like a devouring hurricane to the humblest home and simplest heart in the land. Civilization becomes as though diseased. A spreading cancer begins to devour the vitals of the organism. Every good in human life begins to shrivel up and wither away, every evil to wax fat and prosper. So why, therefore, should anybody get excited over what happens when we go to war? Why should government offices collect figures and newspapers pay cable charges to reveal what any sane man must know is there under war conditions? The time to think of these horrors is not when we are in war and the inevitable is happening, but rather before we go to war and have a chance to think and decide what we are doing. Doth a king go to war without counting the cost, asks Jesus? Yes, kings—and democracies, too! And then they get alarmed at the consequences of what they do.

IV

December 17th next marks the fortieth anniversary of the first airplane flight. Orville Wright, contemplating this event, declares that he has no regrets for his part in this earth-shaking invention. "I feel about the airplane," he says, "much the same as I do about fire. That is, I regret all the terrible damage caused by fire. But I think it is good for the human race that some one discovered how to start fires." In making this statement, the distinguished inventor is undoubtedly on firm ground. He and his brother, Wilbur, when they solved the mystery of flying, which had haunted the minds of men at least as long ago as early Greek days, advanced the bounds of knowledge and immeasurably enlarged man's power of control over the natural forces of the universe. They are not to be held responsible for the uses that have been made of their immortal achievement. Yet do I believe that Orville Wright's analogy of fire is an unfortunate one. When he speaks of "the terrible damage caused by fire," he is thinking of the occasions when fire suddenly gets out of control, as in the case of some great conflagration. But airplanes do not thus get out of control! Thousands of planes do not all at once leap like flames into the air, and run wildly and destructively through the skies. When airplanes do "terrible damage," it is because men have plotted and planned it so. They have built bombers with the express idea of destroying cities and thus wiping out peoples they don't like. There is no such deliberate wickedness as this in the use of fire. Oh, yes, in our civil life there now and again appears a man guilty of arson. In war, there is the rather feeble invention of flame-throwing. Pyromaniacs are not unknown. But the horror of fire lies not in what is done with it by men, but in its own inherent power which on occasion escapes beyond control and must be subdued lest the world be consumed. The centers of danger, in other words, lie in different places. In the case of fire, it lies in the natural element itself. In the case of the airplane, it lies in man. The problem of safety in each case is different. With fire, it is the flames that must be held in check. With the airplane, it is the passions of man's own heart. What the Wright brothers did

was to give to mankind a task of self-discipline. Up to the present moment, the race has tragically failed in the performance of this task. The temptation of power was greater than men were able to resist. But this is not the fault of the Wrights. The fault is ours —and terrible is the punishment of our failure.

V

That was a fascinating debate which was held in the English House of Commons the other day on the question of rebuilding the old House which was destroyed by bombing on May 10, 1940. This House was built between 1840 and 1852, and was the historic scene of the great Gladstone-Disraeli debates, not to speak of the later days of Joseph Chamberlain, Balfour, Asquith, and Lloyd George. The glorious memories of this famous hall cannot be restored, save in the hearts of men, but the place itself must, of course, be replaced within the old walls of the Houses of Parliament. Mr. Churchill, in one of the best speeches of his career, pleaded for the reconstruction of the House in its traditional form, which was that of an oblong chamber, with benches on opposite sides for the two opposing parties. He urged, with great effectiveness, that this was a true embodiment of, and significant aid to, the basic two-party system of England, and contrasted it with "the semi-circular assembly, which enables every individual or group to move around the center, adopting various shades of pink, according to how the weather changes." He might have referred to the similar plan of architecture here in America, where there is no party or group system at all. The point is that in a house where, as Mr. Churchill put it, "crossing the floor calls for courage," the true type of democracy is fostered and preserved. The Prime Minister even favored the rebuilding of the House so that it would still be unable to accommodate all its members without overcrowding. This precludes empty benches, and on great occasions gives "a sense of crowd and urgency." Of course, he was opposed to desks as fatal to debate. All in all, Mr. Churchill gave a perfect illustration of the relation between tangible and intangible realities. The doctrine of the incarnation was in all of his remarks. The old House of Commons was the living embodiment in wood and stone of all the long history of Parliamentary institutions, and of the innate principle of free democracy. Not merely the memories of the place but the whole architectural setup was a witness of what Englishmen had lived and died for during all these many centuries. To have that design changed, or even modified, would be something like a fatal blow at the heart of England. Here is a point where tradition, in the interest of the future as well as of the past, is very much in order. A fantastic idea was that of James Maxton, the Communist member, who suggested that the House should be installed in a magnificent new structure set in the heart of the English countryside. This sounds like the revival of the great English manor estates in the ancient feudal period. It is a comfort to know that Mr. Churchill's motion carried by a vote of 127 to 3.

VI

O, to do what I want done!—the cry that springs from the heart of every dictator, and the resolve that leads to every dictatorship! Nevertheless, it is heartening to think of some of the things that might be done, if one had the power. *What would I do?* I would smash the liquor traffic for good and all, and therewith make Christendom as "dry" as Islam. . . . I would banish smoking from public conveyances, dining rooms, and assembly halls, insisting that each smoker, in the name of decency and mutual consideration, confine the indulgence of his habit to his own bedroom, living room, and office. . . . I would clean our beautiful automobile highways and railroad lines of billboards, and our radio air waves of commercial advertising. They don't have the former in Russia or the latter in England—why must we have both in America? . . . I would banish for life to the public dumps, the men and women who clutter up our parks and streets and the lovely country landscape with papers, boxes, beer cans, and other ugly and noisome debris. . . . I would silence neighborhood radios by tuning all machines as hotel radios are tuned. . . . I would strip all horns from automobiles in cities, and thus at one stroke secure quiet and safe driving. . . . I would end dimouts which from the beginning were ridiculous, and are now become more of a menace to ourselves than ever they were to the enemy. . . . I would disarm our police, as Mayor "Golden Rule" Jones, of Toledo, Ohio, years ago disarmed the police of that city, and therewith end the reign of violence. . . . I would enact the Single Tax as the basic feature of any just and productive system of taxation. . . . I would make our school children proficient in reading, writing, arithmetic, and spelling before they busied themselves in painting pictures and modeling figures out of clay. Ah, yes, there are a lot of things that I would do—if I were a dictator! But all these things and many more accomplished would not compensate for the loss entailed in the method of dictatorship. A stupid and stumbling democracy is far better than the most beneficent dictatorship. For what guaranty is there that any dictator, even one's own self, is really wise? And what in the long run does it profit a society to receive benefits and not achieve them? No, the end, however good, does not justify the means. It's lovely to dream in one's mind of ideal conditions in the world without. But the rest of mankind must live in this world, and perhaps not like these conditions. Let them determine their own conditions, work out their own destiny, in the hard school of their own experience.

Jottings

A newspaper correspondent compares artillery to an orchestra. The .30-caliber machine guns are the violins; the .50-caliber machine guns are the violas; the 6-inch guns are the cellos; and the heavy guns are the double basses. All this seems precisely pertinent, especially when an orchestra plays modern music which may be counted upon to contain all the horrors of war.

"Mussolini at Outs With Hitler."—*Headline on newspaper dispatch from Stockholm, Sweden.*

And expensive cable charges were paid on this dispatch which is just one hundred per cent of no consequence at all!

Last spring I constantly met persons who declared that the war would be over by the Fourth of July. This last summer I seemed to be surrounded by people who said that it would be over by Christmas. Now these easy optimists are talking about next spring. My own opinion is what it has always been—that the war will be over when it is over; and later rather than sooner, especially in the Far East.

Curious—that the letters C. O. mean Commanding Officer in the Army, and also Conscientious Objector! Yet we never heard of any mix-up.

Last winter many householders, under counsel or compulsion, changed their heating from fuel-oil to coal furnaces. This, of course, made certain a coal famine this winter far worse than the oil famine last winter. And now the famine is here! Why did nobody, in Washington or elsewhere, remember that oil is far easier to transport than coal, and is complicated by no labor problem, and that therefore the battle against scarcity was to be fought and won on the oil front?

The *Normandie* has been raised from the muck and mud of New York harbor, and set afloat again. Would that we could accept this as a parable of a world, prostrate in misery and death, raised once again to life!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Catastrophe and Post-War Planning

STANTON A. COBLENTZ

The people of Planet X were slaving to build an enormous wall. They erected it from the fruits of their fields, and their hard-earned treasure; cemented it with their sweat, their blood, and their tears; and gave the joy and the very lives of millions of their sons and daughters to make it firm and strong. Yet no architect could be sure that, when finished, the wall would be stout enough to stand. And many watchers claimed to see small creeping parasites gnawing at the base of the structure, and threatening to topple it almost any day. But when these onlookers cried, "Let us plan to make the wall solid and enduring!" they were met with scornful rebuffs, "No, now is not the time! First let's get the job finished! Then we'll hold a conference, and decide how to keep the wall upright!"

Doubtless few of us will have much admiration for the foresight or intelligence of the people of Planet X. Yet is their plight not our own? Are we handling our problem with any more wisdom than they showed in theirs? Are we not, in the present war, attempting to build a huge wall—a wall against enslavement, against tyranny, against future conflict? Are we not pouring out our sweat, our blood, our tears, and our treasure with an unparalleled abundance? Yet what are we doing to protect the edifice we are building at such tragic cost? Are we not, like the natives of Planet X, waiting to complete the superstructure before we attend to the foundations?

To my own mind, nothing in all history appears more amazing than the contrast between the vast reservoirs of energy devoted to waging the war and the thin trickle of planning for the future. It is true that an occasional thoughtful student of affairs has outlined a scheme for the post-war world, but no such scheme has had either official recognition or encouragement; it is true, likewise, that we have heard sounding statements in favor of "The Four Freedoms," and have witnessed the promulgation of the Atlantic Charter; but such efforts, while pointing in the right direction, are so vague and partial as to have small value other than that of propaganda. How is the modern world to attain the Four Freedoms, or to make effective the provisions of the Atlantic Charter? Certainly, not by mere statement of the objectives! Not by mere wishful thinking! What is emphatically required is the contrivance of machinery, of a specific apparatus by which our goal may be brought within reach. And such machinery, since it must be the most thoroughgoing, the most penetrating, the most wide-ranging, and subtly adjusted in all history, cannot and must not be relegated to the side lines of our thinking. It will take all the efforts of all the trained and able brains we can muster, beginning *now* and continuing as a full-time job long after the war's last gun has sounded.

For what we face is the necessity for the most colossal revolution ever attempted; a revolution that will combat and effectually check man's age-old tendency to wage armed combat; a revolution that will conjure order out of the chaos of world economics; a revolution that will create a unifying and harmonizing core amid a muddle of political groups; a revolution that will permanently assert the supremacy of law and reason above the conflict of inflamed national egos, the hatreds, suspicions, jealousies, resentments, and deadly rivalries that today divide the people of the earth into innumerable factions. Let it not be supposed that it will be time enough to

consider these problems when we have finished with the business of warfare. On the contrary, it is already late, very late in the day. Already we should be well on the road with plans for the international structure, the international organization that offers the only conceivable solution of our problem. Already conferences should have been held among the nations—not with a secret weighing of post-war plans, such as may have occurred, but with openly proposed schemes inviting open discussion.

It is to be feared that, despite the grievous daily sacrifices of all warring peoples, despite the material deprivations, despite the long processions of the wounded and the dead, comparatively few observers realize how widely the current war differs from all its predecessors, and how imperative it is that we make this war the last one if human civilization or the very race of man is to survive. Those of us who have sat safely ensconced in our drawing rooms, hearing the radio tell of the devastation of Cologne or Hamburg, may at times have felt an intimation that human capacity to endure must have a breaking point; but when we realize that the most destructive of modern weapons, the airplane, is at best in its adolescent stages, and that far more wide-ranging bombers bearing a far greater death-load have been declared by de Seversky and others to be possible and practicable, we must realize that the raids of a new war would outrank those of today as the present air-borne attacks upon the Reich surpass the Zeppelin blows against London during the First World War. It is by no means fantastic to suppose that whole nations would be so disorganized that all that would remain of great once-flourishing populations would be a few ragged bands of starved and hangdog refugees.

But it is not necessary to confine one's self to surmise. It is sufficient to note even in passing the tremendously widening spiral of warfare; the fact that modern conflict not only is growing in volume and ferocity, but is expanding in the percentage of physical and human resources which it consumes. Thus, the mere fact that the conscription of adult males is required by all warring nations is a comparatively new development; for conscription in the modern world was first used to any significant extent during the French Revolution; while never before in all history have women been drafted for labor as in present-day England and the Continent. But let us consider the cost in life. During the Napoleonic wars (history's bloodiest until that time), the number of combatants who lost their lives is estimated at around 2,100,000; while during the Crimean War, the American Civil War, the Franco-Prussian War, and all the other major eruptions of the next century prior to 1914, the loss of life on the battlefield is calculated at less than 2,000,000. Compare this with the ten million known dead, the three million missing, and the twenty million wounded of the First World War! And if any one doubts that the pace of slaughter has been accelerated, he need but consider the two thousand miles of the Russian Front. The exact figures, of course, are still unknown; but Prime Minister Churchill has estimated that German losses in killed reached two million following the first winter campaign—or as many as the entire German losses in the four years terminating in 1918! Even if this figure be exaggerated, conservative estimates up to the present time speak of four million German dead; while Russian casualties can hardly have been less numerous. And if one remembers that the Russian is only one of several fronts; and if one recalls, also, the losses among civilians due to air raids, torpedoings, famine, disease, bombardments, and the wholesale deportation and execution of populations, one need have no hesitation about concluding that modern warfare grows costlier and ever costlier in human blood.

The story is the same in regard to all other kinds of losses. For example, the financial cost of the war is computed by the United States Chamber of Commerce at $415,000,000,000 for all nations up to June 30, 1943; as opposed to an estimate of $277,425,000,000 for the considerably greater period of the First World War, according to figures compiled in 1924 by the Bankers Trust Company. And let us remember that the smaller sum was overwhelmingly the vastest in history up to that time.

But the financial yardstick is at best a crude one; more accurate is the tale told by property and resources squandered. In this respect the record of the present war is eloquent. The vast ruined districts of Warsaw, Belgrade, Rotterdam, Chungking, Coventry, Naples, Milan, Essen, Hamburg, and scores of other cities tell a tale of aerial destruction without parallel or even remote approach in any previous war (it has been estimated that in London alone more than a million and a half artisans and a quarter of a million civil engineers will be needed for a period of three years merely to clear and restore bombed areas). And even more disastrous has been the direct havoc of battle, of which an idea may be gleaned from V. M. Molotov's *Note of the People's Commissar of Foreign Affairs of the USSR* (Washington, 1942):

> In the 23 districts of the Moscow region occupied by the invaders, 537 villages were wholly destroyed and 9,238 partly destroyed. Wholly destroyed were 38,423 houses in the villages and 5,140 houses in the cities; also 947 schools (out of 1,220), 159 hospitals, 49 kindergartens and day nurseries, 491 clubs and bakeries, 109 restaurants, 788 stores, 1,053 stables, 3,169 cattle sheds, 13,610 granaries and barns, 747 auxiliary enterprises, etc.
>
> In the 25 districts of the Tula region, the German army during the time of its occupation destroyed by fire 316 villages, 19,164 farmhouses, 299 schools and 2,950 barns, granaries, stables and cattle sheds. . . .

Add to this the cities, such as Stalingrad and Sebastopol, which have been made a shambles by siege warfare. Add the thousands of ships and their cargoes destroyed on the high seas. Add the fruits of the scorched earth policy, which has laid waste vast areas in China and Russia, destroyed the gigantic Dnieperstroi dam, and devastated some of the world's most valuable oil properties at Palembang in Sumatra and elsewhere. Add the sly burrowing of sabotage, which has set fires innumerable, wrecked trains, disabled ships, bridges, and factories, and worked damage more extensive than the records will ever show. Add the wastage of natural resources, which has been so colossal as to cause, for the first time in history, a shortage of oil, wood, steel, copper, and other basic commodities even in wealthy America. Add the cultural losses, through the destruction of libraries, museums, and monuments, and through the wholesale obliteration of talent—talent such as was mostly protected during the earlier wars of modern times, and never before was eradicated on our present sweeping scale. Add the upset of populations, the social and racial problems produced by mushroom war industries, the dislocation of millions of lives, the spread of juvenile delinquency, of vice, disease, and crime—add all these, and one will begin to form only the vaguest conception of the devastation of a modern war. The full figures would require a volume for their elucidation;

yet the central fact is so evident that it fairly screams in the world's face.

The fact is that the cost of war—its cost in the wastage of essentials, and in human strains and tensions—is growing far faster than man's powers of resistance. And the result can only be what occurs when a fast runner pursues a slow one, with no obstacle between. In the next conflict—or the one beyond the next, though it would be recklessly optimistic to suppose that the day of reckoning will be postponed beyond the Third World War—man's ancient enemy will have caught up with him. If many cities are wrecked as Hamburg has been (and future bombers will be equipped for far more thorough wrecking!), and if industries, homes, and food supplies are ruined throughout whole countries, man will simply be unable to survive. He will perish by the multitude from famine, exposure, and pestilence even when not slain by the bombs; at best but a few shell-shocked remnants of the race will remain, scrambling for food like wild dogs amid their charred and smoldering fields; and these, stripped of the technologists and the technological processes upon which our civilization depends, will either endure as savages in a rudimentary stage of life, or will dwindle and disappear.

It is because of this imminent threat—whose consummation may be witnessed by half of the persons now alive—that it is all-important for us *now* to plan the coming peace, and to plan with untiring efforts to make that peace permanent. This is our one, our only doorway of escape. And day by day that doorway narrows. Are we, in bovine complacency, to wait until the lid of the slaughterhouse has swung irrevocably shut?

Who Shall Defend the Strong?

O. A. HAMMAND

If we recognize that there are now three great empires, the British, German, and Japanese, and three great federations, United States, Russia, and China, which have characteristics of both empire and federation we have a basis for the consideration of world problems. With some kind of world law or cooperation these countries and the other smaller nations can work together. It does not matter how many governments there may be, provided they work together and in harmony, but six great nations besides all of the little nations cannot operate in the same territory, each in his own separate and independent way, without conflicts. If we attempt it, we are going to be surprised and shocked into a realization of the fact that this is no one man's world.

Throughout the history of the world there have been invasions and conquests, but in many cases the different peoples were quite remote from each other and had little intercourse with other countries and few things in common. Now modern science has brought all the world together and there are only two courses from which to choose: cooperate or fight. In the past the small nations have been strong for internationaal cooperation and have earnestly and faithfully supported the organization for law and order and peace, but the larger nations have been content in the idea that they could fight their way through.

No country at the present time is big enough to whip the world. Nor is there any one, two, or three countries that can whip the world. The point is that now and from now on the Great American Empire, the Great British Empire, and Germany and Japan need world organization for their own protection and safety just as much as Holland and Switzerland or any of the other small countries. In the past America has considered world organization as an academic matter; whatever we did was a charity, a concession to someone else. "We will go ahead in our own way and do everything just when and as we please, and pay no attention and take no advice from anybody." I hope that we do not continue in that attitude.

From now on, all wars will be world wars and the side that wins will rule. When the big country, the big imperialist nation discovers that it is of no more importance than one gangster in court, then maybe the big nation will come to its senses and take a reasonable view. Besides, there will not be any little bickering and pettifogging controversy about giving up some of our sovereignty. It will not come that way. Some group through a league of nations or some other body or organization will make a law to prohibit war and enforce it.

First, all must obey the law and not invade any other country or start a war. Next, no nation may keep, nor manufacture, the arms of war, and the world congress and the world court will send the international police out to look after any violator. One international problem after another can be settled and disposed of as it comes up, the same as new problems have been met in every township, county, state, and nation throughout the world. There is no need of the new organization attempting to do too many things at one time or settle all of the problems in a minute. Things cannot be done in that way, but war must stop, and the individual nation that still plays the lone wolf, does it at a risk to the world but at a greater risk to itself.

Any big change takes place over a considerable period of time. The permanence of that change and the success of that change may depend on whether the world is ready for it. Readiness may also consist of two things, physical and psychological change. Are we ready for a change from an order in which each nation must rely on itself, or on a balance of power combination, to a condition where the welfare of one is the concern of all and where a disturber or aggressor is blocked in a prompt and positive way?

The next question is whether we are mentally prepared. If we have been thinking in little terms, if we are disposed to look only for the problems that arise and the dangers that exist; if we are and still want to remain isolationists in a world of action and close contacts, great resources, and great powers, then of course we are not ready. But physical changes help to stimulate mentality, and punishment and suffering and fear also help to stimulate mentality. It may be that the world, including the people of the United States, have suffered enough and paid enough in blood and treasure to desire the change.

What Is This Peace?

ROSE NOLLER

There is no evading the air-laden talk. We are fighting for a *peace*. And out of all the welter of gray, there occasionally rises, like the sun, someone who understands what it is we are fighting for. And we are still waiting for those who can see that the battle is perfectly fought only when it is achieved in all-harmless ways. Are we ready for that?

I shall talk like an artist, because I am one. In art (and I wish the term broad enough to include *art* in all departments of living), we most flawlessly realize the ideal in the actual texture of the real. It is perhaps the only human field of idealism and labor where this is most readily so. In all others, we are in process of becoming what art intuits and inspires. However, just because no warfare exists between the motive and form of art does not and cannot isolate the artist and art from the rest of the world. Art must come into the world's workings and the world must come to it. In fact, it is doing so now in a measure never before realized. Here there is union and peace between subject and object.

If there is no warfare in art, it is because the battle was first fought in the consciousness of the artist; and there was no peace until the form emerged with banners flying. But in this there is a great truth which must enter into the peace talk of nations, however strange it may seem: That in the achievement of that form, nothing was killed, but all was given the fullest possible life. Where any avenue of the artist's being was clogged, in the degree it was clogged, the form missed perfection. And in the achievement of any technique of peace which is strong enough to stand the bombardment of personal interest, we must first admit that war —all warfare—is an ignorant and savage technique, or lack of it, for the solution of national and international problems; that in peace is inherent the truth that all men, enemy and friend alike, are *one*. If this is not the truth, then peace without further warfare will never become a dream fulfilled. The "unacknowledged legislator" must be acknowledged.

The intellect cannot understand this. The intuition can. And intuition transcends the intellect. That consciousness in us, deeper than the intellect and its obvious reasoning, must build the foundation for unity. Warfare can only break down what is outworn and false. It cannot win the peace. And the implications of this lead us to the roots of warfare.

Since the economic way of the creator is always difficult, particularly in wartime, I have been doing, temporarily, part-time work in business. It is a form of personal advertising for a furniture house. In the work, I touch many strata of human society. And those things that I see which bring me home depressed or weeping, these are the things which we shall be forced to face in every city and state and nation. And they must be faced by every man and woman for every child who is to face a world with *something* of the brightness of the one it has so recently left.

I am aware and many are aware that enormous sums of money are made every season by preying on the needful and ignorant. Even those who are preyed upon are often aware of it but are powerless to do anything about it. And we all have a certain amount of terrible evidence. The fear and hatred inspired by this are fatal in scope. The power that the strong hold over the weak is brutal and cruel. The desire for power is one of the enemies; but the enemies whom we are physically fighting merely *expose us*. They are the boil caused by the poison of the whole bloodstream.

So long as in one day's business I find an interminable train of misery, even though much of it is not, there can be no peace: Vital talent gone to waste; talent struggling against insurmountable obstacles; sickness without adequate means; old age uncared for; tenements and slums; mothers weary and over-worked; fathers ruptured or broken by strain; beautiful children doomed not to achieve self-realization; homes made vacant by re-possession because of sickness or unemployment,— all the weary evidence we all know and deliberately overlook. Peace is not something mechanical. Problems cannot be *killed* off! There are many things in our way of life that will have to change—all the propaganda notwithstanding. And this depends upon a complete change of our attitude in every department of life. Man is not a military or economic unit. Man is a Being—potentially glorious!

While I was prying for business at my job, I found outstanding, in one day:

A young student of medicine with a wife and two unusual children, living in two tiny rooms and obviously without proper care. He was not unworthy and his personal obstacles were insurmountable because they were obviously not his own, but those caused by society. I talked with him for two hours. His intellect was brilliant and he was noble in purpose. I cannot here admit that rationalization which argues that obstacles are good for one. There is a difference between natural and unnatural obstacles. And the difference is what human cupidity fattens on. Those that so argue never go without. I think Schubert and Mozart and all other talent and genius would have given us more if society had paid them for their work—work emphasizing the values in which it is so manifestly weak. That they gave what they did, they gave in spite of, not because of, the attitude of which our time and season are equally guilty. This young doctor was a thinker, patient with the evils of life, and resigned, using the power of his thought to recreate a more intelligent world.

In following up a lead, I made some calls in another neighborhood. I found an old woman living in an attic in one of the most unkempt downtown buildings of my city. Her little room was strewn with old boxes and broken furniture—and onions. She was very old. She had a son who was a lawyer, with an office in the same building. I had never seen a lawyer's office in such an environment. How he came to be there, I do not know. Perhaps he had taken up the cudgel for the poor, which, as every lawyer knows, is not profitable. Perhaps he was a misfit at the job. In either event, it is society's business. . . . This woman was not an unworthy woman. I talked with her for some time. She was lonely, uncared for, and poor. But she was not unworthy. I think she greatly deserved something more than this. She spoke of her desire to have a farm. I hoped with all my heart such a solution would come

to her. She was bright-eyed and brave. The least we could give her was a garden! It is not that there is not enough money in the world. We waste it on deliberately blind and habit-bound techniques.

Then there was the sick mother sent home by her war plant, with a temperature. I feel I should violate her confidence if I described their "home." It was in the same building where I had found the old woman. There were two beautiful young children. The husband met me at the door and asked me to stay with them while he telephoned for the doctor. He was bewildered and distraught from lack of sleep caused by a night job and quarters too close for rest. And the continuous din on the radio for more money, more planes, more war workers! Had not they already given more than they should? . . . They were not unworthy people. They were not squanderers. They were hard-working and honest. In the face of this—duplicated many millions of times—can we have peace?

This was not all. I found sickness in nearly every home in this district. This was not surprising. With one exception, they were not fit to live in.

In the same neighborhood I found a lovely young girl. Much to my surprise, in this home, I found a beautiful living room with a Steinway. I talked with her and found that at the age of thirteen she had won a scholarship for the Eastman School of Music. But her father died shortly afterwards and she was unable to avail herself of its opportunity because she had to work to support her mother. She had a singer's personality and I can imagine the judges made no mistake about her voice. But here she was getting nowhere. I do not think this was her own fault. Voice culture is an expensive study and the long hours in a commercial atmosphere enervating. We need our beauty-producing individuals and should comb our society for them. They have a destiny to fulfill for themselves and one needful to ourselves. This is extravagance and waste. Indifference is not productive of peace. Real peace in a nation would not tolerate this waste of power!

In another home I found a young mother with four young children, one of them a recent charge. I cannot adequately describe her bewilderment. She was being rather hastily evicted by the landlady and was without any leads for a new "roof"—for that was all her quarters claimed. There were no stationary tubs and the landlady had refused to let her use her machine. She was essaying the job of laundering with an old metal tub—*one.* Several of the children were ill. Her teeth needed care and she was suffering from some bad ones. The father, mother, four young children, and some roomers all lived together in a few small rooms—and the rooms were bedlam. Obviously, the world was too much for her. The only way in which I was personally able to help was to suggest the various housing projects; but this was not what was basically the trouble. I grieved over our social cruelty that allowed such a condition to be. I could only determine to use what thought and effort I could muster to combat that basic trouble.

Another pathetic situation that I found was a wretched third floor occupied by several young girls and their families. There was a new baby in a room horrible with gas fumes. A sister of the mother was recuperating from seven operations upon her poor, delicate body. She was not a coarse girl. I was attracted to her, as well as to another sister living there, because of their unusual beauty—beauty of spirit as well as of form. And she was honest. Her hospital bill was five hundred dollars. She was planning to pay it back at five dollars a week after recuperating. That would take her two years.

I am naturally a very happy person—ready to notice all the brightness and beauty which this world offers—ready to respond to its drama and humor. My life has been rich with it. I have poetic fruit to prove it. But these things mar my happiness. Neither I nor anyone else can have a flawless peace so long as such misery exists.

It is true that among all these outstanding examples, there is much which is normal and livable. But it is also tediously mediocre. People have so long been treated as if they were bodies that they have forgotten they are souls; a body has merely an office to perform for the *real person* within.

It is customary for me to discover this immanence of the divine everywhere. I am not shocked by misery. I can see through it. It is a constant revelation to find a unity of life flowing in one stream in everything that lives, from the meanest natural creature to those, whom I have also known, approaching superhuman propensities. And I cannot but wish for the better use of our power—and that those who have it will use it for the ends for which it was meant, in recognition of that unity.

I have overlooked nothing. I am not blind to inequalities in human nature. These will always be. And they are normal to evolution. But society can never win a permanent peace, if each unit within its structure is not given complete opportunity to realize its fullest possibility. . . .

Then there was the frail mother returning from her work, so weary she could hardly stand. The father was ill and she had a son for whom she was attempting a musical education. There was all the housework to do. She remonstrated heavily over our own Gestapo. I realize all vested with minor power are not cruel. But her superior was. She related that if so much as a single word or act displeased him, he found ways of "taking it out on you." You were given a machine on which you could get no results and, therefore, no salary; you were isolated and outlawed,—he found ways of letting you know. She had just come home from such a siege. She had been no appeaser and had won the battle.

She was an exquisite person—exquisite in person and purpose. I talked with her a long time. I wrote a poem about her—as I do about all the people and children I meet who especially interest me—a violet, blooming in a dungeon!

Children interest me particularly. It is amazing to me how lovely they all are, no matter in what unnatural surroundings I find them. I cannot see that they should live in the world as it has been. To have the shackles of our world thrust upon their delicate young natures! The heartless commercial world; the uncreative educational world; the dogmatic religious world; the confusions of the pseudo-artistic world; the godless scientific world! In all these worlds there are exceptions. But the exceptions are so *rare.* Peace will not come by fighting for our way of life. Peace can only come by fighting to *change* our way of life.

We all know that we have ourselves armed the enemy. Many of us know facts and figures and something of the hidden practices of business. We know

something of the thought and life of the everyday citizen with his jealousies, bad living habits, hates, prejudices, and ignorances—the smallness that binds him in his daily visionless orbit. We know the hypocrisies of dogma and religions, dividing into two worlds, as a matter of policy, what is *one* world. There is not one evil mentioned here and the many more unmentionable which do not add their force to the inventor's mind to create yet more deadly weapons with which to destroy us. This is everybody's war and it is also everybody's peace.

To be really at peace with one's self and one's community, we have to struggle, always. It is not going back to habitual, outworn, and bad practices. It is action. We have never lived the things we have talked about—as a whole we have not. The plastic nature of matter must and will respond to a practical idealism if we do not always search for a scapegoat for our ills and a scapegoat for leadership. In a community, each man must sense his value as a leader, must exert real initiative. He must be encouraged to do so, not wet-blanketed as queer if he dares.

In such a world as we live in, I realize war is a choice between lesser and greater evils, and we cannot but choose the lesser, in order that larger ideals may form. I am not denying the inevitable. But nothing at all will come of the present war and all its sacrifice unless we are honest and unless each man and woman faces his share of the enemy within himself and his failure, in a universal sense, to be himself.

It is this simplicity which is the solution—missed but by the few because it is so simple. Its philosophy is not new. But every bit of its living value is daily new. It is the only weapon we have to combat the complex phantom which is real because we have *mis*-created it. And there is no power in heaven or in earth that can *un*-create it unless we do it ourselves.

How can we unite for world peace as a world, unless each individual has achieved a correct concept of it within himself?

Christmas—Then and Now

Escaping jealous Herod's murderous hate,
He grew to teach the Golden Rule, the Law;
And met, as "King of Jews" a martyr's fate—
The Roman cross of cruelty, blood, and war.

New slaughter, now, of innocents we see.
Millions are dying now, as One died then,
Striving to free the world from tyranny,
With hope of Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men.

JEROME ALEXANDER.

The Obligation of Religious Democrats to Law

EDITH HANSEN

"We need go no further here than to deny the individual the right to defy the law." "Jehovah's Witnesses are not 'above' the law." These two assertions were made this last spring by Associate Justice Douglas in Supreme Court opinions. They are of particular significance for religious persons who are motivated by democratic idealism. They assign to rigid law an authority which religious devotees of democracy cannot accept. Democratically minded religionists ought to make fresh and careful effort to determine their responsibility, during this critical period, toward law in the United States.

Associate Justice Douglas denies the right of an individual to defy law in a concurring opinion in the Hirabayashi case. Mr. Hirabayashi, a senior at the University of Washington, did not obey military orders pertaining to people of Japanese ancestry in Military Area No. 1 of the Western Defense Command. The treatment of the case in the Supreme Court pertained to the constitutionality of the delegation of legislative power by Congress to a military commander, and to the constitutionality of discrimination between citizens of Japanese descent and those of other ancestry. Religion was not discussed. Yet it was an influence in the young man's disobedience. A religious person seeks concepts and principles of greater importance than himself in which he can feel a dependable faith. Through devotion to his faith, he integrates his personality and develops a consciousness of enduring worth in human experience. Democracy may be part of a religious faith, or it may be the main element. Gordon Kiyoshi Hirabayashi is a Christian, with strong faith in the value of thoroughgoing democracy. He refused to participate in what he believed was a national sin. He gave evangelistic testimony of the power of democratic ideals to command love and loyalty. He demonstrated the vitality of democracy as a religious faith. Acting in behalf of Japanese Americans, he revealed the sense of responsibility for the well-being of others which such faith stimulates. He was a youthful and courageous representative of a growing body of dominantly religious persons of sensitive conscience and cultivated intelligence in the United States for whom democratic idealism is a realistic incentive.

As a vital religious principle, democracy requires primary loyalty. An inevitable incompatibility between religion and law is always potential. Law derives its authority from the State. Religion derives its authority from the principle in which the religionist has faith. There may be, at any time, a conflict between law, formulated and interpreted by representatives of the State, and the conscience of an individual, inspired by religious principle. The Constitution, according to present interpretation, recognizes value in the loyalty of a religionist to his principle so long as that loyalty is expressed in worship, thinking, preaching, publication and distribution of literature, and personal visitation. The principle which the framers of the Constitution had in mind was God. Freedom of religion was, and still is, largely, freedom to conceive, worship, and preach God according to the dictates of individual conscience. Conflicts between God and the United States or between God's followers and the United States may cause considerable difficulty. But through permitting a large measure of freedom for personal expression which does not actually challenge the power of the State, the government can resolve such conflicts. Except for militant sects and pacifists, religionists have not experienced, in recent years, much conflict with government, either state or federal. For the most part, they have not real-

ized that there is potential incompatibility between religion and law in the United States. Nevertheless, it has been characteristic of the earnest religionist to feel that his first duty is to God or to his own conscience. A principle which does not have the primary loyalty of a devotee dies or becomes impotent as far as that individual is concerned. And the soul of a genuinely religious person who does not exercise his capacity for devotion deteriorates. Loyalty and devotion, on the other hand, to a truly great principle result in increasing control by it over the individual. Only a person who experiences the growing control of democratic idealism over himself understands its power for motivation. It becomes as powerful as ever God can become and requires as pure an allegiance. This is true whether it is part of a theistic faith or an autonomous moral faith.

Loyalty to God can be expressed by many believers through worship, prayer, and testimony, with behavior held in varying degrees of importance. Behavior, however, is now considered by intelligent, informed, sincere religionists to be the test of the validity of a worthy faith. Loyalty to democracy, whether an autonomous faith or part of some more inclusive faith, requires democratic behavior. The most advanced thought on religion during this period and the most advanced thought on democracy have much in common. A religionist whose behavior proves that he genuinely values all people is democratic. A democrat who is wholly and ardently devoted to his democratic faith is religious. Both religion and democracy emphasize the value of individual human beings. The value of the individual is a created value. Some believe that God created the value. Some believe that men, in their imaginations, created it. The power of this created value is generated spontaneously within the souls of people. It is natural for a human being to want to feel that he is valuable as a personality. It is natural for nearly every adult to want to feel that some others besides himself are valuable—relatives, friends, members of his class or race. It is in these common natural desires that democracy has its basic strength.

Many people are convinced that democracy provides the best opportunity, or the only opportunity, for realization of individual value. There are countless concepts of democracy. Some of them are very limited. Responsibility for enlarging concepts of democracy and combatting misconceptions must be assumed by the minority of individuals who genuinely desire to feel that all people are valuable. In every generation there are some who are fascinated by the idea that all men are created equal. Visionaries have struggled for a sound notion of equality. In this period, the concept of equality is becoming clear-cut, dependable, and progressively feasible. All men are equal in being worthy of respect and consideration as personalities. They are equal in that minimum, basic value which every human being spontaneously desires for himself. They are equal in the created value which has been bestowed upon each individual by democratic prophets representing God and Man at their best. Because the individual is valuable, he should have certain rights. Also, because he is valuable, he can make a contribution to community life and to national and world civilization. He should assume obligations. Democratic behavior by a religionist includes positive acts which emphasize the value of people and the value of their actual and potential contributions to the common good. Democratic behavior is not limited to relationships within a narrow environment. The consciences of very ordinary, but thoughtful, individuals reach out to widespread customs and national policies and, beyond these, to visions of rightness on a whole-world scale. A religious democrat must be striving constantly for advance toward equality of opportunity —economic, educational, civic, and social—for people of all races and nationalities and nations.

The war is causing expansion of the meaning of democracy as an incentive for religious individuals. At the same time, unusual authority over the lives and acts of people in the United States is being assumed by, or granted to, individuals who represent the State. All nine Justices agree in the Hirabayashi case that war creates situations requiring regulatory measures that would not be constitutional in normal times. Increased urge to democratic action felt by alert religionists is bound to conflict with increased limitations upon individual self-direction. The freedom of religion, placed by the Constitution in a preferred position, is not freedom to do positive social and political deeds for conscience' sake. Such deeds are subject to regulation by law. Conscientious refusal to obey laws is not often tolerated. Provision for conscientious objection to general laws can be made only through special laws for minorities. Yet a dominantly religious person, devoted to democratic idealism, must be the determiner of his own acts. Many devotees of democracy are realizing how near the incompatibility of religion and law is to the surface of reality when the principle is a dynamic ideal. That incompatibility erupted into the living atmosphere of actuality for Mr. Hirabayashi.

Nevertheless, a believer in democracy realizes that there is need of law. Nor does any sensible person wish to defy law. A democratically minded religionist does not consider himself to be "above" the law. He does not consider himself to be uniquely wise or good. Genuine religious devotion to true democracy lessens egotism. Because he studies and tries to practice it, however, he becomes somewhat of a specialist in it. Specialization makes him sensitive to violations of it as truly as any other kind of specialization makes one sensitive to violations of principles studied and practiced. Democratic idealism is above man-made law even as it is above the men who make the law and the men who respect the need for law. Democracy grows just as God grows and as the noblest men's vision of the possibilities of Man grows. Law cannot contain democracy any more than the sky can contain God or than realism can contain creative visions of Man.

What, then, should be the attitude of a religious devotee of democracy toward law in the United States? Should it not be an attitude of concern for the democratic character of law? Most enlightened religionists will always express that concern within the law, seeking to bring about improvement in law through influencing public opinion. Every enlightened religionist will seek usually to express his concern within the law. Associate Justice Douglas does not grant any exception to his opinion that an individual cannot test the validity of law by defying it. The United States, however, he declares, does not take the position that a member of a group may have no opportunity for reclassification after submitting to an order applicable to the group. The inference is that Mr. Hirabayashi should have obeyed the military orders and afterwards sought redress. That is a proper legal and judicial viewpoint, but not an invariably right viewpoint for a religionist. A religionist cannot concede the right of the State to tell him when and how he may obey God—nor a democratic conscience. The inevitable incompatibility of law

and religion cannot be overcome. In an unusually important issue, an outright challenge to an undemocratic law or order by a religious person, fitted for such drastic behavior, is good for religion at least. It may be good also for later improvement in law. Mr. Hirabayashi expressed concern for the democratic character of law in a manner fitting to his personality. Legally, he defied the law. Spiritually, he expressed faith in democracy and in the democratic foundation of the civilization of the United States. He made a plea for the preservation of that foundation. His plea was not made in vain. Many conscientious people have been aroused to concern or to greater concern because of Mr. Hirabayashi's stand.

Concern for the democratic character of law is a creative attitude for which democratically minded religionists can keep themselves especially fitted. In an intelligent religious devotee of democratic idealism, devotion is combined with at least a measure of scientific spirit, that is, with regard for truth and with willingness to learn from experience. The experience from which he learns includes all of pertinent human experience about which he can obtain information. A combination of religious devotion and scientific open-mindedness makes democratic faith a constantly growing process.

"It was clear, from the deliberations of this conference," writes Dr. E. Burdette Backus regarding The First Conference on the Scientific Spirit and Democratic Faith, held May, 1943, "that a new religion is in the process of development, a religion in which the spirit of science with its passion for truth is joined with the spirit of democracy with its passion for mankind." Not all democratic religionists agree with this prophecy. But all would agree that a vital spirit is active. It is a will to use personal devotion and scientific knowledge in cooperative effort to make the democratic standards of self-cultivation and social obligation feasible and desirable for people of all ethnic, economic, and cultural backgrounds. This will is shared by adherents of Christianity, Judaism, the Ethical Religion, Humanism, and other group religions. It imbues religionists of independent individual viewpoints. It moves lovers of democracy who do not think of themselves as being religious.

It is the delegated responsibility of the Justices of the Supreme Court to check laws by the Constitution. It can be the assumed responsibility of religious democrats to check laws by the most advanced understanding of democracy. Chief Justice Stone and Associate Justice Douglas do not consider the members of the Supreme Court to be justified to question the wisdom of military orders or to substitute their judgment for that of those branches of the government on which the Constitution has placed the responsibility of warmaking. Religious devotees of democracy hold it to be their duty to review the actions of all branches of the government in all situations, not excluding war crises. At a round table conference of Christian pastors, teachers, economists, and statesmen at Princeton, in July, 1943, one of the objectives proposed as necessary for progress toward world order was this: "That individual citizens recognize their responsibility for their collective decisions as reflected in national policies."

"Today is the first time, so far as I am aware," declares Associate Justice Murphy in the Hirabayashi case, "that we have sustained a substantial restriction of the personal liberty of citizens of the United States based upon the accident of race or ancestry." This first time is an occasion for extensive research by democratically minded religionists. In a variety of ways they are expressing their conclusions. "Military decisions," points out Associate Justice Douglas, "must be made without the benefit of hindsight." But hindsight can be used creatively for the cultivation of foresight.

It would be absurd for a religionist of ordinary ability to attempt to estimate the significance for American culture of present religious concern for the democratic character of law. But it seems reasonable to believe that such concern, expressed in acts as well as in verbal testimony, can be as valuable as worship, preaching, and distribution of tracts. Religionists, however—not lawmakers or Justices—must assume major responsibility for winning recognition of its value. Such recognition, if it develops, will be a by-product of utmost faithfulness. Gordon Kiyoshi Hirabayashi has set a fine example of faithfulness. When his mother tried to persuade him not to subject himself to danger and punishment for conscience' sake, he replied, "But, mama, I must, I must!"

Bethlehem

The Bethlehem stars are dim tonight,
  The Bethlehem skies are still,
The weary shepherds sleep among
  Their flocks upon the hill;
But Caesar's legions guard the gate,
  His trumpets wait the morn;
Why come not angels to proclaim
  The Son of Man is born?

The Bethlehem streets are dark tonight,
  The Bethlehem winds are cold;
A hungry jackal howls his pain
  Out on the empty wold;
But Caesar's banners flaunt their wings
  Athwart the torches' glare
On soldiers in a stable-yard—
  Why comes not Mary there?

O Bethlehem town, our hearts tonight
  Are dreaming all of thee;
Hast thou no song for us to hear,
  No star for us to see?
Must Caesar's trumpets cry the doom
  Of God's dread Judgment Day,
Or shall we find thy peace again,
  And at a manger pray?

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The Study Table

Fresh Insights

THE SECOND CHRISTMAS. *By John Haynes Holmes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 65 pp. $1.25.*

Here are three stories for Christmas that with reverent imagination enrich the gospel accounts. They will be welcomed for their fresh insights and for the authenticity of the Christian spirit which they portray. They are unique in that they are centered around the personality of Mary, and Doctor Holmes, with matchless artistry, shows us the sort of person the mother of Jesus must have been. In the title story, Mary is visited, on the first anniversary of her son's birth, by an angelic vision, through which she learns of her son's destiny.

> Thou hast not borne a king, but greater than a king. . . . He will not rule, but suffer; He will not be master, but the servant of all; He will not command by the sword; but by the spirit. . . . So long as the earth shall swing among the stars, men will return to him upon the day that he was born. In every stable of the world, upon the birth night, his light will shine. . . . And on the morning of the birthday, in every home and heart of man, love will be born again . . . thy son will live as the rebuke of all men's work; He will be remembered and reverenced in despite of all earth's wicked ways; and His words, like beacons, will point the way of life.

In the second story, the innkeeper is portrayed as a good man who did his best for Mary and her child in an emergency and who remained a loyal friend and follower throughout his life, remaining to comfort Mary at the time of the crucifixion.

In the third, Mary saves the life of a murderous lieutenant of Herod who comes, as she knows, to kill her child. Her act of mercy converts him from dependence on the use of force to understanding of the power of love. "There is a greater power in the world than force, a mightier weapon in man's hands than sword or spear. This I know, for I have seen."

There is something rare in these stories; they partake of the essence of the gospels themselves; they are good news. They will find a worthy place beside such classics as Van Dyke's *The Other Wise Man.*

DONALD HARRINGTON.

Two Novels About Americans

HEAVEN IS A SUNSWEPT HILL. *By Earl Guy. New York: The Macmillan Co. 220 pp. $2.50.*

THE DARKER BROTHER. *By Bucklin Moon. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 246 pp. $2.50.*

Here are two novels about white and black Americans, about the "common people" of whom Lincoln is supposed to have said that God must have loved them because he made so many of them. Earl Guy's story about the farming folk of the rich floodlands of the Lower Mississippi is one that goes straight to the heart; it is a story about simple people fighting for life and security against the almost perennial spring floods and against the inertia of certain politicians who are too indifferent to take proper measures against the threat of floods and winds. The people speaking from these pages are frank and direct to the point of brutality when they refer to "a storekeeper government that don't care whether you drown, rot, or hang"; and their indignation against official inefficiency is often voiced in such hard speech as that of Sam Drindle when he says, "the time is acomin when us and the people like us will have to start ridin. Maybe then we'll git the river fixed up and begin to grow decency and good livin again in this country like we started out to."

This is another chapter in man's age-long warfare against the impersonal forces of his physical environment, against river and weather, and against those personal forces of greed and corruption that make the former battle so much harder and more unbearable; and it is another chapter in man's glorious record of heroism, the heroism of pioneers and hardy workers, of men and women who have learned the hard way to wring from life a scanty existence, and who have grown accustomed to meeting disaster, misfortune, and even death, with quiet courage, with simple faith, and, withal, not without a sense of humor.

Sam and Matty Drindle are the central figures of the story; they and their two little girls, Ione and Dorina, and Grandmaw Lightpenny and the "Reverend" Timmins, who can smell a good meal miles off and who also can work on the levee with the best of them. And there are the neighbors of the Drindles, all of them hard-working, honest, god-fearing folk, who face the almost annual threat of disaster and death with a degree of fortitude and a calm courage that invest their humdrum lives with glory and magnificence. Trouble and poverty have taught them how to live and work together, and after every flood they are back again in their ruined houses, back on the mud-covered fields, bending their backs and straining their muscles to wrest from a lush earth a living that might well be less precarious if God were more merciful and man less cruel and stupid.

Guy has a refined sensitivity for beauty of scene and a keen feeling for personality and character. These sentences illustrate his gift for bold and imaginative description; they occur at the close of the book where Sam has returned to his farm with his family and has just begun the task of rebuilding and replacing his belongings:

> A rainbow started up from Big Swamp and arched over the sky, its colors running out as though drawn by a joyous hand. The lonely curve of a hawk pendulumed in a clear stream of blue.
>
> "Goddamighty!" Sam said. "Goddamighty!" He raised a feeble arm toward the rainbow for Matty, whose face was a blur at the window. In a moment she was beside him, a sob on her lips. "I can't believe it hardly, I can't believe it." Matty spoke the words like a prayer, and there were tears on her lashes.

And here is just a bit of Grandmaw Lightpenny's pertinent wisdom, so impertinently expressed, as she argues with the "Reverend" about God's part in their misfortune. They are discussing one of the neighbors, whose wife—a victim of shock and exposure—has just been buried, and Grandmaw says to the minister:

> "There wasn't nothing anybody could do, except Goddamighty, and I guess He wasn't interested much. Seems like He ain't ever interested where poor folks are concerned."
>
> "He's got a pretty big job on his hands," the Reverend said.
>
> "Maybe," Grandmaw's black eyes were explosive with brilliance. "But He ain't got no business bitin off more'n He's able to chew. If He can't run the world decent, what'd He create it for?"
>
> "Man's sinful. God gave him his chance."
>
> "I'm some doubtful sometimes whether most folks is more sinful than the Lord'd be Hisself living under the kind of tarnation we have to put up with. He needs critizin. Maybe if more folks lit into Him oftener, He'd began to respect us a little."

Here's a bit of Jobian philosophy with a slightly (?) heretical touch; but is it not delightfully fresh and honest?

However, the "Reverend," although worsted in his

theodicy, is in practice a real fellow, and his prayer at the grave of Clary Bagby, ending with these words, is a masterpiece of profound religious expression: "Ah, God, it's not for our deaths that we raise our arms to you. It is not the tragedy of our dying—it is the tragedy of our living, our poverty, our hunger, and our weariness."

This is a book to be grateful for.

In *The Darker Brother,* Bucklin Moon tells the story of Ben Johnson and his sweetheart Birdie, two young Harlem Negroes to whom Pearl Harbor brings a temporary solution of their pathetic struggle for existence and for the maintenance of self-respect in a white man's world. It is a story told with remarkable restraint and with a power of conviction that can only derive from a wholesome realism and a complete dedication to truth. There is in Moon's novel nothing of the terrific violence and the tremendous melodrama of *Native Son,* and yet every page is filled with the Negro's indictment of the white man's injustice, his unwillingness to understand, and his blindness toward the just expectations and simple human rights of "The Darker Brother."

The story begins with Ben's journey from Florida to New York in the company of Essie Mae, his widowed mother, and a smaller sister. Ben is a boy of twelve when he arrives in Harlem and becomes the special charge of his uncle Rafe who is determined to give his nephew a real chance at school and a career. But Ben soon discovers that even in New York there is no place in a white boys' school for a colored boy, and after the uncle's brutal murder at the hands of a white gang that had disputed his control of the Harlem policy racket, Ben tries his hands at various jobs, every one of which he loses after only a few months or several weeks. He meets Birdie, and they have great dreams of getting married, having their own home and children. But the dreams of two colored lovers in a white man's city seem destined never to flower into reality. Ben's mother in the meantime finds solace in one of Father Divine's "Heavens," while Ben and Birdie wait and anguish between jobs and lay-offs for "something to happen." In one of his darker moods, Ben puts the difference between the Negro's lot down South and up North in these words, "Yuh know the difference, Birdie? Up here they let me come to the front door and they call me Mr. Johnson. Only when I mention job they slam the door in my face. Down there they say 'Nigger, get on round tuh the back door.' Then I get fed up good."

Finally, Ben decides to enlist, and he puts it to Birdie this way, "I go in the army I got somethin tuh do. I got a place tuh live an I got clothes. I even got some spendin money. But mostly I feel uh part uh somethin. It like I got a job, a place where I belong." And then—Pearl Harbor, and something happens inside Ben; and as he leaves Birdie to get back to his outfit, we hear him put his new conviction, his newly won sense of patriotism into the words, "we got tuh keep fightin." And as Birdie looks up at him, knowing "that that was the way it had to be," the reader knows that Uncle Sam has won another real soldier, if not two, and he will ask himself, "will the American citizen of black skin by his devotion to country and democracy finally win for himself that justice and equality that are his by God's laws and by man's?"

White America cannot afford to neglect this touching and searching novel.

KARL M. CHWOROWSKY.

A Great Book

FROM JESUS TO PAUL. *By Joseph Klausner. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50.*

This is a great book—a worthy successor to Klausner's memorable *Jesus of Nazareth,* published in the English translation in 1925. It was shortly after the completion of this work on the Nazarene that Klausner began gathering material for this study of Paul. Indeed, labor on the two books had gone along together! I remember, when I was in Jerusalem in 1929, calling on Doctor Klausner in his suburban home in Talpioth, and being shown his collection of notes and documents. A few months later, in August of that year, came the Arab riots. Doctor Klausner's home was invaded, his study ransacked, and his papers scattered to the winds. His records of his Pauline studies were never recovered, and the great scholar had to begin all over again.

This tragic experience delayed the appearance of this book, but I cannot believe that it affected in any way its quality. It is an exhaustive study of an enormous field—for it covers far more than the few years from Jesus' death on Calvary to Paul's death in Rome; it is more readable, it seems to me, than the somewhat weighty treatise on Jesus; and it has a precision, an authority, and a sweeping command of vast material, which combine to give the book an importance which must endure. Also, there is the fact that this is a study of the critical period of Christian history by a Jew, which lends to this work, as to its predecessor, a unique significance.

From Jesus to Paul, as its title indicates, tells the dramatic story of the transformation of the early Christian movement from an inconspicuous Jewish sect in Jerusalem to an independent religion competing for influence and power in the Roman world. The first three hundred pages are given over to a presentation of the conditions leading to the spread of the new faith, which were "(1) the dispersion of the Jews outside of Palestine, (2) the spiritual conditions among the Gentiles at that time, and (3) the Hellenistic Jewish culture of the non-Palestinian Jews in those days." Into this situation was precipitated the personality of Paul, to whose life and teaching the second half of this long volume is devoted. Doctor Klausner recognizes that it was the Apostle who made "the break between Judaism and Christianity complete," and thus really founded Christianity. He makes clear that it was Paul's divisive influence which alienated the Jews from Jesus, and keeps Judaism apart from Christianity to this day, since the gospel of Paul is essentially alien to the genius of Israel. But he sees Paul's great qualities, makes clear his stupendous place in history, and even points out a debt which Judaism itself owes to this man of Tarsus. For it was he who, in spite of himself, kept the Torah alive among the Gentiles, "forced" the inclusion of the Old Testament into the Christian Bible, and thus insured the survival of Judaism, through whatever vicissitudes, as "a proper national community."

Doctor Klausner's book is eminently scientific in method and objective in spirit, yet is filled with interesting speculations and comments. I have seen no more thorough analysis of Paul's character—his great qualities, and his serious faults. "He was a compromiser, a yielder, an appeaser"! Fascinating is his belief that Paul must have seen Jesus, and perhaps was present at the crucifixion. In his judgment of the Epistles, Doctor Klausner is on the whole conservative, recognizing

as genuine most of the doubtful Epistles rejected by many a Christian scholar. The volume has abundant bibliographical notes, showing prodigious learning, and an elaborate index.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The Other Half

NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART. *By Richard Llewellyn. New York: The Macmillan Company. 444 pp. $3.75.*

Richard Llewellyn's story of the useless and tragic life of Ernest Verdun Mott can persuade you to abandon sleep until you have reached the end. To write the story in its peculiarly strange yet powerfully descriptive style must have been most difficult. There are times when simple human physical or emotional feelings and reactions seem to be expressed in words more clearly than ever before.

Ernie is a lost, lonely, inadequate fellow who falls just short of responding to advice or inspiration from either inside or outside himself, of being a person of any but minimum significance, of doing anything significant or even of knowing anything significant. His only success is to fall into trouble, in fact into whole patterns of trouble, but he is even numb as to the significance of that. And yet there is not one page but that ends by pulling you to the next.

It is another story of how the other half lives, but it is the other half of people, some with money and some without, whose lives have meaning on the simplest and most elementary human level even though they may be aided by some of the most elaborate contrivances of civilization. Even the comparatively strong characters of Ma and Ada and one or two others cannot keep it from being a tragic tale—not that it reads as a tragedy.

J. DONALD JOHNSTON.

A Critical Autobiography

A THRESHOLD IN THE SUN. *By Lloyd Morris. New York: Harper and Bros. 275 pp. $2.75.*

This remarkable autobiography gives a vivid picture of the early part of the twentieth century. Though so near to us, nevertheless the years between World War I and World War II seem strangely remote. It was then that mankind believed in the abstract theory of progress, that the "war to end war" had succeeded, that the arts and philosophy and culture would flourish in peace. Now all that has been rudely shattered, and Morris looks back. This is the way to write biography, and the idea seems to be contagious.

Morris grew up in New York in the "brown stonefront" of Edith Wharton's novels. His grandfather built a house just off Park Avenue where he lived a hectic life which Morris dwells on overly long. As a young boy, Morris "acquired a dramatic sense of the American saga, and a vivid feeling of relation to it." This gave him a sense of balance and an appreciation of things American which kept him from becoming one of the expatriates so common in his days in Paris. He lived much in Paris, which he learned to love. While there he met all the literary figures of the time: Ford, Lawrence, Gertrude Stein, Jean Cocteau, James Joyce, and Rebecca West. Perhaps interesting to more readers, however, will be his important pages giving a vivid picture of Columbia University in its heyday. Here he studied under, or at least heard lectures from, Dewey, Woodbridge, Beard, Brander Matthews, James Harvey Robinson, and Carl Van Doren. Those were great days, and many former students at Columbia will read these pages with gratitude and delight. Morris makes it known that his interest is in literary criticism, but his criticism is broad enough and sensitive enough to give us a most rewarding picture of the first part of the present century.

C. A. HAWLEY.

Pastoral Care

SOME TO BE PASTORS. *By Peter H. Pleune. New York-Nashville: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 191 pp. $1.50.*

The fruit of wisdom gained both in academic and actual parish work is served the reader through these pages. It might be called an abbreviated course in Pastoral Theology. The author discusses the attitude of mind desirable in the clergyman as he approaches such questions as pastoral calling, marriage, reading, counseling, ministering to children, and establishing hours of work. Actual techniques and methods appear less often here than do rather obvious attitudes which any sensible, thoughful minister ought to possess as a matter of commonsense and good background. I like the informal manner of discussion which characterizes Doctor Pleune's book but dislike the false modesty implied in these two sentences from his Foreword: "We confess that we do not know much about it. And what we do know may not be interesting or helpful to anyone else." Why should he try to write a book under those circumstances? The book is frankly aimed at the student and will be a good addition to a field which has been somewhat sterile in the matter of constructive literature.

JOHN NICHOLLS BOOTH.

Information for Planners

ADMINISTRATION OF RELIEF ABROAD, A SERIES OF OCCASIONAL PAPERS. *Edited by James L. Barton. New York: Russell Sage Foundation. 20 cents each.*

Anyone who wants to approach the gigantic problem of post-war relief and rehabilitation with a solid background of factual information would be well advised to secure this series of pamphlets. Some of the texts contained in the pamphlets are new, others were out of print, but all are pertinent not only for the planners of relief abroad but also for those whose duty it is to create informed opinion at home.

The first in the series is a Bibliography of authoritative material in the field, compiled by Sigrid Holt, Librarian. The second deals with "The Near East Relief, 1915-30"; and the third with "The American Red Cross in the Great War, 1917-19." Others deal with "American Aid to Germany, 1918-25"; "The American Friends in France, 1917-19"; "The American Relief Administration in Russia, 1921-23"; "Recent Relief Programs of the American Friends in Spain and France"; and "American Red Cross Famine Relief in China, 1920-21."

These documents bear the mark of careful research and independent judgment.

CURTIS W. REESE.